

STATE NEWS.

The Wisconsin says that the large grocery house of Warren, Howitt & Baker, has recently sold out entirely to W. M. Sinclair, who has removed the goods to his large establishment, Nos. 87, 89 and 91, East Water Street.—The Richland county *Observer* says that at a recent examination of teachers in that county, being required to give an example of a trilingual, every lady present, with one exception, wrote *beau*.—The Waukesha *Freeman* states that Wm. Swarts, Harrison Ward, James Watson, S. H. McKellins, George Tubbs, — Blum and Cyrus Ludkin left our village last week for the gold mines of Idaho. They go by steamer from La Crosse direct to Fort Benton, and thence up the Yellowstone River, landing in the vicinity of the richest mines in Idaho.—The Whitewater *Register* says that on Tuesday, March 9, Congar and Albert Sweetland started with two spans of mules—the first departure of the season, they will be joined on the frontier by an *attaché* of this office, who proposes to look into this emigration business, a little and satisfy himself whether it pays. Mr. Congar is an old stager, having already crossed the plains four or five times. On Wednesday the teams of J. L. Pratt & Co., Hill Whitmore and Nelson Fryer started, two yoke of oxen each, we believe. Pratt & Co.'s team will be accompanied by six people, including the Capt. himself and two of his sons, Mr. Hibbard Dunn, etc. Hill Whitmore's team will have four people.—Mr. Whitmore, two Lawrence brothers, Llewellyn Clapp. Hill is also an old traveller, having been to California once or twice, to Colorado, etc. Fryer's team will be accompanied by himself and son, Daniel Mulls and one other person. Yesterday the teams of Morris, Kinne & Knox started;—two pair of horses,—accompanied by Mr. A. S. Kinne, and his son Charles, Mr. R. W. Knox and Mr. Powers. In addition to the above we understand Dr. G. C. Hoardly will leave next week for California.—The Green Bay *Advocate* says that the New York Central R. R. Co. have added two more large boats to the Green Bay route, and that both the new and the old boats will be needed to do the business.

THE FON DE LAC *Commonwealth* states that a gentleman from N. J., a friend stopping with J. M. Gillet, Esq., lost his life last Friday night by blowing out, instead of turning off the gas, when he retired. In the morning he did not appear, as expected, when his room was entered, and the gentleman found dead, from the above stated cause. It is a painful affair.

The following epigram, going the rounds, refers, we suppose, to the "enthusiasm" manifested by the champions of McClellan, when that gentleman was relieved of his command and went on a speech making tour at the North:

OUR "YOUNG NAPOLEON."

BY W. G. ROBERTS.
You *gold*, how easy your cause was cleared,
What cheaply you the front with a shock,
When "Little Mac" was glorified and treated,
As he *subd* for the *subd* of *subd*!
Poco was the only *subd* he ever *subd*!
The only *subd* he ever *subd*!

THE VOTE OF ARKANSAS.—Mr. Fairbanks writes to the *Missouri Democrat* from Little Rock, undate of April 11th, that twelve thousand four hundred and three votes have been cast in that State—12,177 for the Constitution and 206 against it. Sixty-four delegates, all Radical Anti-Slavery men, have been elected. A quorum has arrived for the Senate but not for the House.

Since bounties have begun to be paid seamen in New York, no difficulty has been found in getting crews for the Government vessels, which had been waiting for hands for weeks.

The Raleigh *Confederate* says "Gen. Morgan is about to undertake one of the boldest expeditions he has ever yet made, which, if successful, will be productive of great good to our cause."

AN ANECDOTE OF GEN. GRANT.—It is said that when Gen. Grant was going down from Washington to the front one day last week, the train, having attached to it the special car, stopped at Brady Station. Some soldiers who were waiting to go down asked if they could not get into the car. "No," was the answer of an officer, "this is Gen. Grant's special car." Gen. Grant, who was sitting by the window, promptly thrust out his head and said: "Gen. Grant occupies only one seat; the soldier can ride."

A NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR FEMALES.—The range of employment for women is certainly increasing. A barber down in Bangor employs women as assistants, and it is reported that they prove very dexterous and efficient. If the innovation should spread it will head off the beard movement.

REFUSES TO BE SEEN.—The rebel envoy Mason has turned anarchist—shut himself up—refuses to see company—is, it is said, inaccessible even to his own friends. Slidell is more philosophic. Finding that secession is gone up, he devotes himself to stock gambling, but studiously eschews Confederate securities.

"I come for the saw, sir," said an urchin. "What saucer?" "Why the saw, sir, that you borrowed?" "I borrowed no saucer." "Sure you did, sir—borrowed our saw, sir." "Be off, I never saw your saucer." "But you did sir—there's the saw, sir, now, sir." "Oh! you want the saw!"

It may be interesting for loyal people to know that the District which elected Mr. Representative Long of Ohio, to Congress, was afterward carried by Governor Brough by about 7,000 Union majority.

In Agassiz Museum at Cambridge, Mass., there are 100,000 specimens.

Janesville Daily Gazette.

JANESVILLE, WIS., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

NUMBER 47.

VOLUME 8.

GENERAL PARAGRAPHS.

—Small pox is prevalent in Boston. The British army this year numbers 147,118 men.

—Board is only thirty dollars a day in Montgomery, Ala.

—A military hospital is to be built immediately in Detroit.

—The hotels at Niagara Falls are being opened for summer business.

—Italy now ranks as the fourth on the list of European naval powers.

—The spiritualists in the United States number five million persons.

—A free hospital is to be opened in Boston about the 15th of next month.

—There are seventeen public schools, 212 teachers, and 10,123 scholars in Chicago.

—The whole cost of governing Boston is four and a quarter million dollars a year.

—The citizens of Auburn have resolved to stop the illegal liquor traffic in that city.

—The women's loyal league have 15,000 petitions circulating asking Congress to abolish slavery.

—The Sanitary Commission and its agents cry loudly for potatoes, onions and pickles, for the soldiers.

—Philadelphia is making an effort to get back the State Capital, which it lost some sixty years ago.

—Eleven tons of cotton raised in Utah have been received in San Francisco, and more is to follow.

—The U. S. Senate proposes to do its own telegraphing, in disgust with the Associated Press Reporters.

—A report from the Secretary of War states the number of colonels in command of brigades at 162.

—Eight millions of dollars were sent to the army of the Potomac on Wednesday week.

—A colony of one hundred and thirteen families has just left the East for Dacotah Territory.

—A gay youth at Stafford, Conn., aged 75, recently led to the altar a blushing maiden of 23.

—The oil wells of Pennsylvania have produced 554,000 barrels of petroleum since February, 1862.

MEMORANDUM OF THE HOUSE.—A Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* is responsible for the following:

A portly, good-natured, and able Indian is grieved at having unconsciously been the cause of distress of a pious lady in the galleries. "Why in the world is it," said she, with much feeling, "that the Clerk must always stop when he has gone half through the roll-call, and every time ridicule religion by saying, at such time and place, 'God loves us all'?" The aggrieved member is named Godlove S. O.

Brandegee, of Connecticut, was the other day in the Chair, in Committee of the Whole, and was putting questions in a pointed, good-natured, and able Indian is grieved at having unconsciously been the cause of distress of a pious lady in the galleries. "Why in the world is it," said she, with much feeling, "that the Clerk must always stop when he has gone half through the roll-call, and every time ridicule religion by saying, at such time and place, 'God loves us all'?" The aggrieved member is named Godlove S. O.

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HUMORS OF THE HOUSE.—A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette is responsible for the following:

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Braddock, of Connecticut, was the other day in the Chair, in Committee of the Whole, and was putting questions of a peculiar fashion. "Those in favor of the Constitution say 'aye,'—contrary minded, no,"

"Why don't you answer, Judge Braddock?" cried a Western Congressman. "What do you mean?" was the surly response. "Why, Judge Braddock just asked the contrary minded to say 'no'!" The obstinate member would not say it, but the rest that followed showed that his fellow-members did. If I were to print the name your readers would enjoy it over more than the House.

CHARLESTON.—A letter from Charleston, South Carolina, dated February 22d, describes the deserted portion of the city to be some fourteen parallel streets, occupying nearly three square miles. Several hundred houses in that part of the city have been struck by Gilmore's shells including many fine public buildings, whose occupants now attend to their business beyond the range the projectiles have yet attained.

The writer says that hotel prices are from \$12 to \$20 dollars per day, and the cheapest boarding houses charge \$6 per day. Necessaries and luxuries are at equally enormous rates, and the pleasures of housekeeping are rather few. All through the State the woods and swamps are thronged with deserters from the rebel army, who are hunted with bloodhounds as negroes formerly were. An individual told the writer that he recently saw twenty-two deserters brought into town, tied two and two, those having been captured by the aid of dogs.

—While a funeral procession was passing over a bridge over the Allegheny river at Port Allegany, Pa., the structure gave way, and the whole procession was precipitated into the river. Several persons were drowned; among them four children.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

What Will he do About it?

The government has now a matter to decide that is not a question of color—it is to determine whether or not soldiers in the United States service, bearing the uniform that is the insignia of our nationality, fight for our rights as well as their own, and upholding with their life blood the palladium of our liberties—shall be protected as soldiers or treated as slaves! That is the inquiry that agitates every honest man's breast. The question uppermost in every body's mind is, what will the President do to avenge the dreadful massacre of Fort Pillow. Will he see in those horribly mutilated and disfigured forms of human beings, so many soldiers, murdered in cold blood, or will the color of some poor fellow's skin put its owner a little outside the pale of our country's defenders and furnish the rebel actors in this bloody drama some excuse or palliation for the outrages and fiendish cruelties that they have recently practiced?

If the colored man is so magnanimous as to shoulder his musket and bare his breast for the defense of the liberty of a race that has never treated him to any thing better than the auction block and the overseer's lash,—if, in return for selling his wife and children into abject and hopeless slavery, he is generous enough to risk his life in defense of ours, is not the government bound by every consideration of duty and obligation to render him the same protection that it does to the white? The black race of America exhibits a magnanimity and a forgiving spirit towards their lifelong enemies that has had no parallel since the world began. A people ground down for centuries under the iron heel of a despotism that ought to have put to shame the inhabitants of the pit—every aspiration that distinguished the man from the brute, stifled—every desire to rise in the scale of being, punished as the gravest crime—to see such a people standing in the breach when the liberties of their captors hang tremblingly in the balance, is an exhibition of nobleness that may well challenge the admiration of any body but a copperhead.

True, Mr. Lincoln promises in his Baltimore speech that this martyred blood which cries to heaven for retribution, shall not go unavenged, and that the gross violation of the ordinary rules of civilized warfare shall be punished as it so richly merits; but we fear he will be too slow in this as he has often been before. What the nation wants is the swift, blasting stroke of the lightning which will convince the rebels that there is still some power in the northern cloud, and a hand to direct it. Those who seek to justify this inhuman butchery on the ground that the victims of the cruel massacre were mostly colored soldiers, are not a whit better at heart than the callous wretches who plunged their bayonets into the breasts of those unarmed men who knelt at their feet and prayed in vain for the quarter that savages would have granted.

But what will Mr. Lincoln do, how will he do it and when, asks everybody.

Words That had the Bark on.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser gives, in his letter relative to the late Mr. Rives, the following:

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. JACKSON.

Mr. Rives was a worshiper of General Jackson, with whom he was on the most intimate terms, as publisher of *The Globe*, then edited by Mr. Blair, and the acknowledged "organ" of Old Hickory. No man was better acquainted with the administration of General Jackson than Mr. Rives was, and I have on in his office after hour, listening to his reminiscences. Among these were the attempts made at different times by Mr. Van Buren, Attorney General B. F. Butler, and others to *lure* down and modify Jackson's messages and proclamations. On one occasion—it was in the message of Dec. 8, 1833, on the French indemnity—General Jackson had written:

"The honor of my country shall never be stained by an apology from me, for the statement of truth and the performance of duty; nor can I give any explanation of my official acts, except such as is due to integrity and justice, and consistent with the principle on which our institutions have been framed."

"I was waiting for the *Globe's* copy of the message," said Mr. Rives, "chatting with the General, who was smoking his pipe, when Major Donelson, his private secretary, came in, and read the page or more of manuscript which the Cabinet had substituted for this sentence."

It was late on Sunday night, and Congress was to meet the next morning. When Major Donelson had read the substituted sentence, the General said: "Now read it again." It was read a second time, and he then rose, faced the floor, stopped, and said: "Strike all that out, and put back what I wrote." That's what I meant by G—d, that's what my message shall say." The alterations were made, and I have the original copy to show that this was so. "The words omitted, Mr. Rives went out to remark, 'worst milk and water, those retained had the bark on.'

The Mormon Temple at Nauvoo Ill.

The temple is fast disappearing, and in a year scarce a vestige of this monument will remain. There is now standing the southwest corner only of this grand and vast and massive structure, the foundation of which was laid in 1841, the superstructure completed in 1849, and the whole adorned and finished, especially within (as an eye-witness describes it) in a style of gorgeous, and bewildering magnificence, and at an expense of nearly a million of dollars.

The ruin is in a tolerably good state of preservation, perhaps seventy-five to eighty feet in height, corresponding with the height of the original main building, and surmounted by an image of the sun in relief, and enclosing in a sort of semi-circular wall, now badly disjointed, what was probably the support of a winding staircase to the roof. The ground is still covered with debris, although much has been removed elsewhere for building purposes, and part of the ground already turned over by the plough of the vine-grower. The standing ruin is to be taken down the present season, and, ere another year, it is not likely that a stone will be left upon the original site of an edifice which was truly a wonder of art.

DEBATE ON THE EXPULSION OF LONG.

Speeches, Scenes and Incidents.

Special Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTON, April 11.

THE TREASON FROM MARYLAND.

Finally, a tall, light-bearded, bald-headed Marylander, sitting on the extreme wing of the Opposition side, of pleasing presence, but unmistakable "chivalric" air, gets the floor. He is not an elegant speaker, but makes up in fluency and decided boldness what he lacks in grace. His first sentence fixes everybody's attention.

"I endorse every word the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Long, has uttered, and will stand by and defend it for wear or woe." "Ah, ha, he's got one manly hacker at last!" is the involuntary exclamation one hears on every side.

Stepping out into the aisle, and moving defiantly down toward the Administration members, he warns with the subject, he continues in the same strain. He is willing to go with his friend anywhere on the floor. Finally the florid-faced, silver-grey gentleman from Louisville, rises in a prompt way, and begins like a heavy ship righting herself in the waves, to roll out his ponderous sentences. He is not small naturally, and now he swells like a balloon, as with owl-like solemnity, he announces that this is a grave interference with constitutional privileges. Does not the Constitution expressly provide that a member shall not be responsible for words spoken in debate? And he is just getting under weigh, in this grandiose fashion, for a burst of eloquence, when the old Whig war-horse of the better days, "Bob Schenck," as they still love to call him in the Miami Valley, rises. He has been in a sick bed all week, and has left it, on receiving a message from one of his colleagues, that his vote is needed on the expulsion of a traitor.

He has but a single sentence to say. Why does not the gentleman quote the whole clause he is glibbing? Is he afraid of the final words, "Shall not he be responsible for words spoken in debate in any other place?"

It is as if a full blown bladder were suddenly pricked. Mr. Mallory collapses; and after a few wandering sentences, valiantly trying to get started on some other track, he gives it up and sits down.

Mr. Fernando Wood, with his oily face and plausible way, comes to the rescue.

Nobody has, in all this storm of attack on the capital joke that these disgraceful utterances should be made on the floor of an effort to expel another for something not nearly so bad, and are delighted at this defiance thrown in the teeth of the majority;

others really indorse what the man says, but are too cowardly to say it themselves; all of them laugh and applaud and egg him on.

Meantime the Administration men crowd over till the space in front of the Clerk's desk is filled and an angry group is formed among the chuckling Democrats, right under the speaker's hand.

He continues, eulogizing the rebels, than whom, he says, a braver set of men never existed on God's earth; abusing the Administration, declaring he would never vote a dollar or a man to be used by that tyrant, the President; denouncing the war for the Union as the most stupendous folly that ever disgraced any people; and now and again striking an attitude and shouting to the opposite side, if this be treason, make the most of it.

Finally, there comes this startling passage: "The South ask you to leave them in peace; but no, you say you will bring them back in subjection. This is not done yet, and God Almighty grant that it never may be. I hope you may never subjugate the South."

"Mr. Chairman," cries a stentorian voice from the group standing near the defiant Marylander. Members turn to look, a little space is formed about him, and Mr. Harris waits: "I wish to ask if it is proper for a member to pray to God Almighty that it never may. I hope that you will never subjugate the South."

Some question arising as to what Mr. Long did say, Mr. Colfax proposes to postpone the discussion till the *Globe* shall appear with the official report. Everybody agrees.

CATCHING A SKUNK.

The way is at once cleared for a motion. Washburne has been fairly writhing for half an hour to get in.

WHEREAS, The Hon. Benj. G. Harris, a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, from the State of Maryland, has upon this day used the following language, to wit: "The South asked you to let them live in peace. But no; you said you would bring them into subjection. This is not done yet, and God Almighty grant that it never may be. I hope you may never subjugate the South."

"Mr. Chairman," cries a stentorian voice from the group standing near the defiant Marylander. Members turn to look, a little space is formed about him, and Mr. Harris waits: "I wish to ask if it is proper for a member to pray to God Almighty that it never may. I hope that you will never subjugate the South."

And whereas, Such language is treasonable, and a gross contempt of the House; therefore be it

Resolved, That the said Benj. G. Harris be expelled from the House.

There is a rattling fire of points of order from the Democratic side, while members spring from their seats, and there is a general movement toward the actors in the excited scene. "Don't ask questions, rise to a point of order," exclaims several Unionists: "I rise to a point of order," shouts the same excited voice. "Well, what's your point of order? Let's hear it," snaps Harris, turning contemptuously upon him.

"The gentleman rises to a point of order." The gentleman from Maryland will suspend. Gentlemen in the aisle will rise to a point of order, and the chair will not recognize any one till order is restored.

Thus the Speaker, *pro tem.*, and the gavel thumps vigorously on the table; while the crowd slowly settles, and members reluctantly go back to their seats. Among them walking up the centre aisle is an old, rough looking Pennsylvania, with bushy, grizzled head and rugged features, and face fairly livid with rage.

He shouts again the moment he reaches his seat: "I rise to a point of order."

"The gentleman will state his point of order."

"My point of order is this, sir, what right has he to pray to God Almighty to defeat, sir, to defeat the American armies?" The words came struggling out, disjointed, unconnected, hot with rage.

"What sort of a point of order is that, I'd like to know," sneers Mr. Harris.

"I want to know: [Order, order, order, and an unconscious din], whether a member has the right to utter treason [Order, order, order,] in these halls?" Mr. Tracy's voice, never very gentle at best, rises with the din, and the last words are fairly scolded, while everybody starts to his feet, and the excitement grows intense.

They try to adjourn and fail; try to lay it on the table and fail; and are finally driven to a vote. The moment the vote begins, there is a general rising on their side, and in an instant flocks of them issue from the cloak-rooms, hats and overcoats on, and start for the doors. They don't mean to be caught on that vote, if they can help it.

The vote is announced ninety-two to eighteen!

Eleven Democrats have apparently voted with the Unionists, eighteen have honestly voted their wishes in the matter, and the rest have skulked off and dodged! Poor cowards! did they forget that there is a press in the land?

And so Mr. Harris is pronounced unworthy of membership in the House, declared to have manifestly sought to encourage the rebellion, and severely censured, by a vote of *ninety-two to eighteen* of his fellow-members. Time was that honorable men would resign and let their constituents pass on the justice of their punishment. Mr. Harris has lost his jnuty air, and looks as sober as if he were contemplating such a dread contingency!

"The South ask you to leave them in peace; but no, you say you will bring them into subjection. This is not done yet, and God Almighty grant that it never may be. I hope you will never subjugate the South."

Harris meanwhile has been standing, with head thrown back and arms akimbo, the very picture of a crowning game cock, or the traditional Irishman, anxious for somebody to "traird on the tip of my coat tail," "well is that all?" he cries. "That's right! I say that over again! what have you got to say about it?" And the Democrats, not quite sober yet to a sense of the situation, again roar at the exuberant

fun of this beautiful spectacle.

The Speaker declares the language out of order, and announces that the gentleman from Maryland, having violated the rule, can only proceed under it by unanimous consent.

"For one, I protest against any man uttering such language in this hall," says Washburne, in his dogged way.

"You mean you are afraid of it?" exclaimed Harris, leaning forward and putting on his most offensive sneer. Shouts of "order" from the Administration side, drown out his voice as he is about to proceed, and the Speaker commands him to take his seat. As he does it, losing the self-controlled composure he has hitherto displayed, and quivering with rage, he shakes his fist at Washburne and hisses, "You *da*—d—d villain, you!" The crowding and confusion, however, prevented Washburne and most of the Unionist from seeing or hearing.

The Democrats looked disconcerted.

Their champion is so suddenly taken of his feet that they have nobody to put in his place, and, for moment nobody claims the floor.

Finally, a tall, light-bearded, bald-headed Marylander, sitting on the extreme wing of the Opposition side, of pleasing presence, but unmistakable "chivalric" air, gets the floor. He is not an elegant speaker, but makes up in fluency and decided boldness what he lacks in grace. His first sentence fixes everybody's attention.

"I endorse every word the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Long, has uttered, and will stand by and defend it for wear or woe."

"Ah, ha, he's got one manly hacker at last!" is the involuntary exclamation one hears on every side.

Stepping out into the aisle, and moving defiantly down toward the Administration members, he warns with the subject, he continues in the same strain. He is willing to go with his friend anywhere on the floor.

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"Ah, ha, he

Saturday, April 23, 1864.

What Will be do About it?

The government has now a matter to decide that is not a question of color—it is to determine whether or not soldiers in the United States service, leaving the uniform that is the insignia of our nationality, fight for our rights as well as their own; and upholding, with their life blood the palladium of our liberties—shall be protected as soldiers or treated as slaves! That is the inquiry that agitates every honest man's breast. The question uppermost in every body's mind is, what will the President do to avenge the dreadful massacre of Fort Pillow. Will he see in those horribly mutilated and disfigured forms of human beings, so many soldiers, murdered in cold blood, or will the color of some poor fellow's skin put its owner a little outside the pale of our country's defenders and furnish the rebel actors in this bloody drama some excuse or palliation for the outrages and fiendish cruelties that they have recently practiced?

If the colored man is so magnanimous as to shoulder his musket and bore his breast for the defense of the liberty of a race that has never treated him to any thing better than the auction block and the overseer's lash—it, in return for selling his wife and children into abject and hopeless slavery, he is generous enough to risk his life in defense of ours, is not the government bound by every consideration of duty and obligation to render him the same protection that it does to the white? The black race of America exhibits a magnanimity and a forgiving spirit towards their life-long enemies that has had no parallel since the world began. A people ground down for centuries under the iron heel of a despotism that ought to have put to shame the inhabitants of the pit—every aspiration that distinguished the man from the brute, stilled—every desire to rise in the scale of being, punished as the gravest crime—to see such a people standing in the breach when the liberties of their captors hang tremblingly in the balance, is an exhibition of nobleness that may well challenge the admiration of any body but a copperhead.

True, Mr. Lincoln promises in his Baltimore speech that this martyred blood which cries to heaven for retribution, shall not go unavenged, and that the gross violation of the ordinary rules of civilized warfare shall be punished as it so richly merits; but we fear he will be too slow in this as he has often been before. What the nation wants is the swift, blasting stroke of the lightning which will convince the rebels that there is still some power in the northern cloud, and a hand to direct it. Those who seek to justify this inhuman butchery on the ground that the victims of the cruel masters were mostly colored soldiers, are not a whit better at heart than the callous wretches who plunged their bayonets into the breasts of those unarmed men who knelt at their feet and prayed in vain for the quarter that savages would have granted.

But what will Mr. Lincoln do, how will he do it and when, asks everybody.

Words That had the Bark on.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser gives, in his letter, relative to the late Mr. Rives, the following:

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. JACKSON.

Mr. Rives was a worshiper of General Jackson, with whom he was on the most intimate terms, as publisher of *The Globe*, then edited by Mr. Blair, and the acknowledged "organ" of Old Hickory. No man was better acquainted with the administration of General Jackson than Mr. Rives was, and I have sat in his office hour after hour, listening to his reminiscences. Among these were the attempts made at different times by Mr. Van Buren, Attorney General B. F. Butler, and others to *tone down* and modify Jackson's messages and proclamations. On one occasion—it was in the message of Dec. 8, 1833, on the French indemnity—General Jackson had written,

"The honor of my country shall never be stained by an apology from me, for the statement of truth and the performance of duty; nor can I give any explanation of my official acts, except such as is due to integrity and justice, and consistent with the principle on which our institutions have been framed."

"I was writing for the *Globe's* copy" of the message, said Mr. Rives, "clutting with the General, "he was smoking his pipe, when Major Donelson, his private secretary, came in, and read the page or more of manuscript which the Cabinet had substituted for this sentence."

It was late on Sunday night, and Congress was to meet the next morning. When Major Donelson had read the substituted sentence, the General said, "Now read it again." It was read a second time, and he then rose, paced the floor, and said, "Strike all that out, sir, and put back what I wrote. That's what I meant by G—d, that's what my message shall say." The alterations were made, and I have the original copy to show that this was so." The words omitted, Mr. Rives went on to remark, "were milk and water, but those retained had the bark on."

The Mormon Temple at Nauvoo III.

The temple is fast disappearing, and in a year scarcely a vestige of this moment will remain. There is now standing the southwest corner only of this grand and vast and massive structure, the foundation of which was laid in 1841, the superstructure completed in 1845, and the whole adorned and finished, especially within (as an eye-witness describes it) in a style of gorgeous and bewildering magnificence, and at an expense of nearly a million of dollars.

The ruin is in a tolerably good state of preservation, perhaps scarcely five to eighty feet in height, corresponding with the height of the original main building, and presenting three exterior columns, each surmounted by an image of the sun in relief, and enclosing in a sort of semi-circular wall, now badly disjointed, what was probably the support of a winding staircase to the roof. The ground is still covered with debris, although much has been removed elsewhere for building purposes, and part of the ground already turned over by the plough of the vine-grower. The standing ruin is to be taken down the present season, and are another year, it is not likely that a stone will be left upon the original site of an edifice which was truly a wonder of art.

DEBATE ON THE EXPULSION OF LONG.

Speeches, Scenes and Incidents.

(Special Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.)

WASHINGTON, April 11.

* * * * *

THE TREASON FROM MARYLAND.

Finally, a tall, light-bearded, bald-headed Marylander, sitting on the extreme wing of the Opposition side, of pleasing presence, but unmistakable "chivalric" air, gets the floor. He is not an elegant speaker, but makes up in fluency and decent boldness what he lacks in grace. His first sentence fixes everybody's attention. "I endorse every word the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Long, has uttered, and will stand by and defend it for weal or woe." "Ah, he's got one manly backer at last," is the involuntary exclamation one hears on every side.

Stepping out into the aisle, and moving defiantly down toward the Administration members, as he warns 'em with the subject he continues in the same strain. He is willing to go with his friend anywhere on that issue. Cannot a man say he is for peace, the saving of life and treasure? He is for peace. He is a Union man—better Union man than anybody on the other side of the Chamber—for he is a Poor Union man. We can't have one Government, let us have two, and let them be splendid ones. He is a slaveholder, or rather was, till Ben Butler stole all his slaves. His father was a slaveholder before him, and a good Christian; and when a man talks here of slavery being the sum of all villainies he calls him and his father villains; and he tells that man, whenever he may be, that he is a liar and a scoundrel.

And so he goes on, growing worse and worse as he proceeds, and making no sort of concealment of his sympathy with the rebels.

The scene is a curious one. This man is standing in the House of Representatives of the United States, surrounded by the Democrats and Border State men of what claims to be a loyal opposition. He is talking the boldest treason; yet they have clustered in delighted circles around him: almost every man's face wears a gratified smile, and at every extremely extravagant declaration they burst out into pure laughter and applause. A few look gloomy—they are thinking of the record all this is making—but the great mass are in the highest glee. Some of them think it a capital joke that those disgraceful utterances should be made on the heels of an effort to expel another for something not nearly so bad, and are delighted at this defiance thrown in the teeth of the majority; others really indorse what the man says, but are too cowardly to say it themselves; all of them laugh and applaud and egg him on.

Meantime the Administration men crowd over till the space in front of the Clerk's desk is filled and an angry group is formed among the chiding Democrats, right under the speaker's hand.

He continues, eulogizing the rebels, than whom, he says, a braver set of men, a more gallant or honorable set of men never existed on God's earth; abusing the Administration, declaring he would never vote a dollar or a man to be used by that tyrant, the President; denouncing the war for the Union as the most stupidious thing that ever disgraced any people; and now and again striking an attitude and shouting to the opposite side, if this be treason, make the most of it.

Finally, there comes this startling passage: "The South ask you to leave them in peace; but no, you say you will bring them back in subjection. This is not done yet, and God Almighty grant that it never may be. I hope you may never subjugate the South."

"Mr. Chairman," cries a stentorian voice from the group standing near the defiant Marylander. Members turn to look, a little space is formed about him, and Mr. Harris waits: "I wish to ask if it is proper for a member to pray God Almighty?"—A perfect storm of "order, order, order, order, order" utterly drowns out the remainder of the sentence.

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Mr. Harris resumes with the same garrulous air; when the stentorian voice breaks in again, fairly hoarse with passion. "I demand to know whether—[Order, order, order, order, order]" from the Democratic side, while members spring from their seats and there is a general movement toward the actors in the excited scene. "Don't ask questions, rise to a point of order," exclaims several Unionists. "I rise to a point of order, about the same excited voice.] "Well, what's your point of order? Let's hear it," says Harris, turning contemptuously upon him.

"The gentleman rises to a point of order. The gentleman from Maryland will suspend. Gentlemen in the aisle will take their seats. The Chair will not recognize any one till order is restored." Thus the Speaker, *pro tem.* and the gavel thumps vigorously on the table; while the crowd slowly scatters, and members reluctantly go back to their seats. Among them walking up the centre aisle is an old, rough-looking Pennsylvania, with bushy, grizzled head, and rugged features, and face fairly livid with rage.

He shouts again, the moment he reaches his seat, "I rise to a point of order."

The gentleman will state his point of order.

"My point of order is this, sir, 'what right, sir, has he to pray God Almighty to defeat, sir, to defend the American cause?'" The words came struggling out, disjointed and unconnected, hot with rage.

"What sort of a point of order is that, I'd like to know," says Mr. Harris.

"I want to know [Order, order, order, and an unconscious din] whether a member has a right to utter treason [Order, order, order, order, order] in these halls?"

Mr. Tracy's voice, never very gentle at first, rises with the din, and the last words are fairly screamed, while everybody starts to his feet, and the excitement grows in tempo.

The vote is announced "ninety-two to eighty-nine!"

Eleven Democrats have apparently voted with the Unionists, eighteen have honestly voted their wishes in the matter, and the rest have skulked off, and dodged!

"Poor cowards! did they forget that there is a press in the land?"

And so Mr. Harris is pronounced unworthy of membership in the House, declared to have manifestly sought to encourage the rebellion, and severely censured, by a vote of *ninety-two to eighteen* of his fellow-members. Thus was that honorable man would resign and let their constituents pass on the justice of their punishment. Mr. Harris has lost his jaunty air, and looks as sober as if he were contemplating such a dread contingency!

"The South ask you to leave them in peace; but no, you say you will bring them into subjugation. That is not done yet, and God Almighty grant that it never may be. I hope you may never subjugate the South."

Harris meanwhile has been standing, with head thrown back and arms akimbo, the very picture of a crowing game-cock, and take a walk among the bulls and bears every morning. Gold would possibly soon be at par—who knows? "N.Y. Times, Friday."

Curran described a politician as "one who buoyant by patrofation, rises as he sits, and quite soared yet to a sense of rot."

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"For one, I protest against any man uttering such language in this hall," says Washburne, in his dogged way.

"You mean you're afraid of it?" exclaimed Harris, leaning forward and putting on his most offensive sneer. "Shows of 'order' from the Administration side, drawn out his voice as he is about to proceed, and the Speaker commands him to take his seat. As he does it, losing the self-controlled suavity he has hitherto displayed, and quivering with rage, he shakes his fist at Washburne and hisses, "You—d—d—d villain, you!" The crowd and confusion, however, prevented Washburne and most of the Unionist from seeing or hearing.

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Finally, there comes this startling passage: "The South ask you to leave them in peace; but no, you say you will bring them back in subjection. This is not done yet, and God Almighty grant that it never may be. I hope you may never subjugate the South."

"Mr. Chairman," cries a stentorian voice from the group standing near the defiant Marylander. Members turn to look, a little space is formed about him, and Mr. Harris waits: "I wish to ask if it is proper for a member to pray God Almighty?"—A perfect storm of "order, order, order, order, order" utterly drowns out the remainder of the sentence.

Mr. Harris resumes with the same garrulous air; when the stentorian voice breaks in again, fairly hoarse with passion. "I demand to know whether—[Order, order, order, order, order]" from the Democratic side, while members spring from their seats and there is a general movement toward the actors in the excited scene. "Don't ask questions, rise to a point of order," exclaims several Unionists. "I rise to a point of order, about the same excited voice.] "Well, what's your point of order? Let's hear it," says Harris, turning contemptuously upon him.

"The gentleman rises to a point of order. The gentleman from Maryland will suspend. Gentlemen in the aisle will take their seats. The Chair will not recognize any one till order is restored." Thus the Speaker, *pro tem.* and the gavel thumps vigorously on the table; while the crowd slowly scatters, and members reluctantly go back to their seats. Among them walking up the centre aisle is an old, rough-looking Pennsylvania, with bushy, grizzled head, and rugged features, and face fairly livid with rage.

He shouts again, the moment he reaches his seat, "I rise to a point of order."

The gentleman will state his point of order.

"My point of order is this, sir, 'what right, sir, has he to pray God Almighty to defeat, sir, to defend the American cause?'" The words came struggling out, disjointed and unconnected, hot with rage.

"What sort of a point of order is that, I'd like to know," says Mr. Harris.

"I want to know [Order, order, order, and an unconscious din] whether a member has a right to utter treason [Order, order, order, order, order] in these halls?"

Mr. Tracy's voice, never very gentle at first, rises with the din, and the last words are fairly screamed, while everybody starts to his feet, and the excitement grows in tempo.

The vote is announced "ninety-two to eighty-nine!"

Eleven Democrats have apparently voted with the Unionists, eighteen have honestly voted their wishes in the matter, and the rest have skulked off, and dodged!

"Poor cowards! did they forget that there is a press in the land?"

And so Mr. Harris is pronounced unworthy of membership in the House, declared to have manifestly sought to encourage the rebellion, and severely censured, by a vote of *ninety-two to eighteen* of his fellow-members. Thus was that honorable man would resign and let their constituents pass on the justice of their punishment. Mr. Harris has lost his jaunty air, and looks as sober as if he were contemplating such a dread contingency!

"The South ask you to leave them in peace; but no, you say you will bring them into subjugation. That is not done yet, and God Almighty grant that it never may be. I hope you may never subjugate the South."

Harris meanwhile has been standing, with head thrown back and arms akimbo, the very picture of a crowing game-cock, and take a walk among the bulls and bears every morning. Gold would possibly soon be at par—who knows? "N.Y. Times, Friday."

Curran described a politician as "one who buoyant by patrofation, rises as he sits, and quite soared yet to a sense of rot."

He is security to small risks, as well as large ones.

Special Card.—The unapproachable RONNISON will fit a different seat at each performance. The Champion Circus will travel, by Railroad, in a special car, provided the Management for convenience and dispatch.

The interior of the Pavilion will present a neat and elegant appearance, with the arms covered with rich Turkey carpet.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

At the Church Gate.

BY W. M. TRACKEYAN.
Although I savor not,
Nor sound about the spot
Somewhat I hover;
And at the sacred gate
With longing heart wait,
Expectant of grace!

The minister belts tell out
Above the city walls;
And hark! the drumming;
They've stopped the ringing bell;
I hear the organ's swell—
She's coming—coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hark! the drumming;
With hark! the drumming;
She comes—she's here—she's past;
May heaven go with her!

Knell undisturbed, fair saint,
Pours out your praise so plain,
Merrily and duly,
I will not enter there,
To duly your pure prayer
With thoughts worthy.

But suffer me to pass
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering, and lo! I stand
At the sacred spirits' gate;
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

The Gospel Banner.
Now let the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And to the shout, Hosanna,
Re-echo'd from high places,
The world in victory.
Hail every tribe and tongue
Revere the great salvation,
And the happy through.

What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and Heaven contho'!
His arm throughout their legions
Shall sweep them to the gloom,
Rule o' Love's victories,
Imperial, Prince of Peace;
The triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire shall increase.

Ye—shall reign forever,
O Jesus, King of Kings.
The light, the love, thy power
Shall fill the earth with thine image,
The desert burn thy pride;
The hills and valleys greet thee,
The song responsive raise!

Thomas Starr King.
AT JOHN G. WHITRRE.

[From the New York Independent.]

The great world's work is done.
The world is well done. It is done our ears
With whom his law now were overheard,
We're no more so blighted hope nor broken plan
With him whose life stands in the world approved.

In the fullness of the years of a man,
With a soul along the Western slope,
With your step toll a sound of faith and hope!

Was cheerly still, O banner'd way,

From the world's heart and soul and bough.

With a spirit bold and bold and bough.

COMMERCIAL.

REPORTED FOR THE JANESVILLE GAZETTE, BY DUMP & GRAY,
GROCER AND PRODUCE DEALERS.

JANESVILLE, April 23, 1864.

We make up prices as follows:

WHEAT—Good to choice milling spring at \$1.10@.

11¢; common to good shipping grades at \$1.00@1.05.

RYE—Quotable at \$1.03 for good brands.

ing forward.

CORN—Should, 40¢ lb at 75¢@80¢; ear do, 85¢@90¢

12¢@12¢.

OATS—Good local and shipping demand at 75¢@80¢

or No. 1, and 82¢@85¢ for mixed lots.

BARLEY—Fine samples at \$1.15@1.18; common

bar at 90¢@1.10. Extra for seed \$1.20.

TIMOTHY HERB—Good to choice at \$1.00@1.10

for 40 pounds.

DRESSED HOGS—Range at \$4.25@5.25 for light to

fat.

BEANS—Fries white \$2.00@2.25; mixed lots \$1.25@

1.75@1.90.

POTATOES—Choice Nebraskans and Peach News

65¢@70¢; common 45¢@50¢.

WHEAT—Good supply at 25¢@30¢ for good to

choice.

MUS.—Penny at 11¢@12¢ per dozen.

POULTRY—Turkeys, dressed, \$8.00@10.00. Chickens 75¢

per pound.

HIDES—Green 75¢@85¢; dry 12¢@14¢.

SHEDD PELTS—Range from \$1.00 to \$2.50 each.

TABACCO—Fair to prime leaf 70¢@80¢.

WOOL—Dull at 65¢@72¢; 1/2 off for unwashed.

FLOUR—Spring at retail at \$3.25 per 100 lb.

PRICE CURRENT OF GROCERIES.

SUGARS—

Granulated, Crushed Cod 9

and Powdered 27 Hardlock and Pollock 8

N. Y. A. Coffee Sugar 10

25 COFFEE 11

" " 12 No. common 42

AA Portland 18 Prime 45

Port Rico 20 to 21 Java 50

NEW YORK CITY STONE STORE—Smith & Scott

Granulated, White, Red, and Brown 14

" Gold 12 Stearine 20

" Amber 13 Star 28

N. O. Molasses 14

Cuba Clayed 15 SUNDRIES 16

DRIED FRUITS—

Old Apples 12

" " 13 Star 14

Old 13 Star 14

Blackberries 15 Kerosene Oil, raw 75

Parad. Peaches 30 " white 80

Unpared 29 Vargas, Cuba 20

Unpared 29 C. 20

Layer Raisins 30 Brooms 30 and 35

Zante Raisins 23 Pears, 2 bush 35

SPICES—

Chamomile 1.00 Tuber, 2 oz, and 1 oz 16

Pepper 20 Star, Ottawa 14

Alasias 60 Star, Ottawa 14

Chiles 20 Star, Ottawa 14

Naumes 15 Star 20

CRACKERS—

Boiler 100 Star 100

Top 100 Star 100

Parrot 100 Star 100

COMMERCIAL.

RECORDED FOR THE JANESVILLE GAZETTE, BY BURK & GRAY,
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

JANESVILLE, April 22, 1864.

We make up price as follows:

WHEAT—Good to choice milling spring at \$1.00@

114; common to good milling grades at \$1.00@ \$1.05.

COAT—Quotable at \$1.00 for 50 pounds.

ING. forward.

CORN—Shelled, 50 lb at 75¢@80¢; ear do, 65¢@70¢.

OATS—Good local and shipping demand at 57¢@60¢

or No. 1, and 55¢@58¢ for mixed lots.

BARLEY—Finest samples at \$1.05@115¢; common

50¢@55¢. Extra for seed \$1.00.

TIMOTHY SEED—Good to choice at \$1.00@115¢@

145 pounds.

DRESSED HOGS—Range at \$4.25@7.25 for light to

heavy.

BEANS—Price whites \$2.00@2.25; mixed lots \$1.25@

1.75.

POTATOES—Choice Neashawnee and Peach Flows

65¢@70¢; common 40¢@45¢.

BUTTER—Good supply at 24¢@26¢ for good to

choice.

EGGS—Plenty at 11@12¢ per dozen.

POULTRY—Turkeys, dressed, \$2.00. Chickens 75¢

per pound.

HIDES—75¢@85¢; dry 12¢.

SHREWD—Plants from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each.

TOBACCO—Fair to prime leaf.

WOOL—Dull at 82¢@84¢ off for unshaved.

FLOUR—Spring at retail at \$5.25 per 100 lb.

PRICE CURRENT OF GROCERIES.

SUGARS—W.H.—

Granulated, crushed and powdered, 27¢

Cold, 27¢; Hot, 30¢.

N. Y. A. Coffee Sugar, 20¢

W.H.—

COFFEE—24¢

Hot, common, 24¢

AA—Portland, 20¢ to 21¢

Java, 24¢

W.H.—

CHOCOLATE—24¢

W.H.—

W.H.—